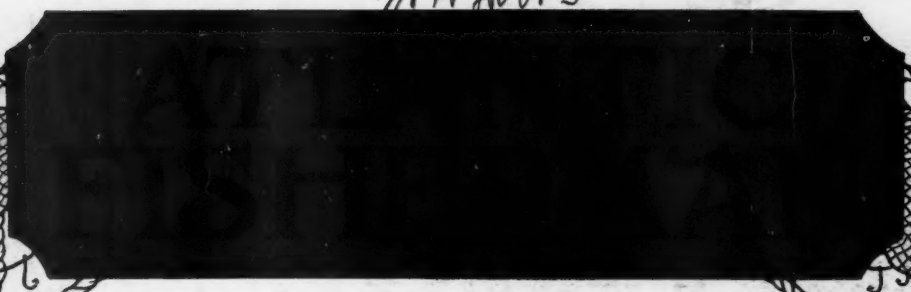


W.P. L. Vol. 3



Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 1



✓ 3 Feb 1922 Jan 1923

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PLYMOUTH *The Rope You Can Trust*

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper". Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

FEBRUARY, 1922 VOL. III, No. 1

David O. Campbell.....Pres. and Treas.
Frank Arnold.....Manager
E. Blaine Reichert.....Advertising Manager
Arthur W. Brayley.....Editor

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25, 1921, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.,
Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Fair Play

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are trustworthy. As proof of our faith, we offer to make good to actual subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers.

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To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN".

KNOW THIS LADY?

YES, it's our Mrs. Hulbert! Perhaps you've never met up with her in this rig—but you can't mistake that genial countenance. She always wears that.

Her job is to run down fishermen



who have not yet subscribed to our paper. The fact that she sends in hundreds of new subscribers every month indicates that either she is able to work that smile of hers to good advantage, or else that the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is "taking holt." She says it ain't the smile; it's the paper.

Right here it would be well to say that in all her wanderings among fishermen, never has she received anything but the most gentlemanly treatment.

THE MEN OF THE SEA

By Burt Franklin Jenness

(Courtesy of the Cornhill Company)

HAVE you felt the appeal, seen life in the real, Of the men who people the seas?

Have you thought as they think, felt what they feel, Touched elbows with such men as these?

Big hearted and sturdy, simple and true,
Toil calloused, carefree and brave;

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Full chested, red blooded—these men who do

And dare, in the life on the wave.

Have you stood on the deck with the watches at night?

Have you taken a trick at the wheel?

Have you hungered, and frozen? Been stabbed in a fight?

You know, then, the things that they feel.

Do you know the plight, on a storm ridden night,

Of the lonely mid-watch at the helm?

Gulped in the blackness, and bludgeoned with fright—

Lost in a tempest torn realm?

With oilskins wrapped to his shivering form,
Stiff with the sleet and the snow;
Lashed by the fall of the biting storm,
And the cold, when it's twenty below.

Alone with the sea, in a hell of its own,
Crouching for lee where he can;
Blinded, and chilled clean through to the bone—
God! But it takes a man.

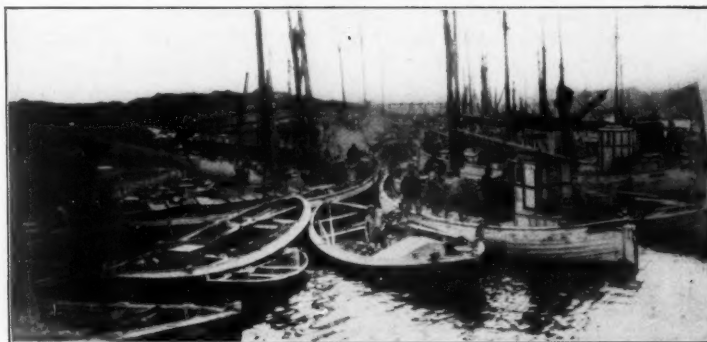
A JUST CRITICISM

THE other day a Gloucester fishing skipper criticized us for leaning a little too strongly to news of the Maritimes. Perhaps he's right. Perhaps, in our efforts to drive home the fact that our field is not restricted to the Atlantic ports of the United States, we have "leaned over backward," so to speak.

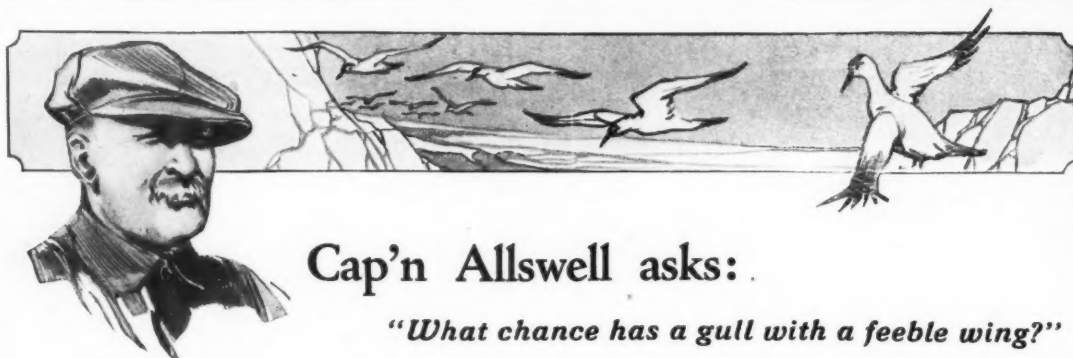
At any rate, we are going to try to make a little nicer geographical balance in the future.

The delay in getting out this and our previous issue may be laid primarily to the pressure of work incidental to the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN'S Almanac. This Almanac idea was only conceived in November. Hence the rush and hustle at this time.

A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN SARDINE FLEET



Why is it that the packed product of these vessels is able to dominate the American market, while the Maine sardine can rarely be found in the stores of the neighboring state of Massachusetts?



Cap'n Allswell asks:

"What chance has a gull with a feeble wing?"

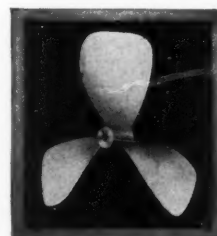
By the same token, what chance has a boat with a weak propeller? Like's not she'll fall you just when you'd give your ol' eye teeth to beat a storm into port.

Give me a bronze wheel every time. Bronze is tough, strong and workable. You can bring the blades down thin and sharp at the tips—for speed and power—and still keep plenty of body in the shanks.

If you hit a rock with a cheap, brittle

wheel, the blade'll likely snap off at the hub leaving you much out of luck in the buzum of the deep! With a bronze wheel, you may get a bent tip. That's easy to fix and you're not hung up in distress. It's the truth—all's well when you've a Columbian wheel.

*Why not get the facts in full?
Send for Columbian Book No. 16*



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Hand-made by skilled workmen from finest white oak—reinforced by steel bands—these baskets stand up under the severest kind of service and last far longer than the ordinary kind.

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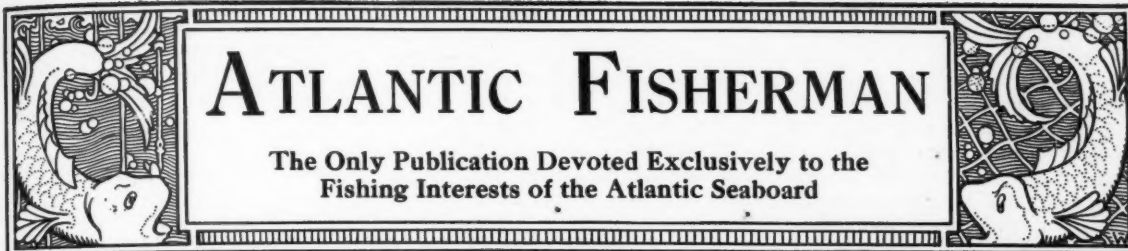


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You can buy these baskets direct from the factory—and the price is right.

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ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. III.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1922.

No. 1

Mackerel and Lobsters—An Appeal for Protection

By H. D. CRIE, Director of Maine Commission

ONLY half a century has passed since the lobsters in the waters along the Maine coast were so plentiful that count lobsters as they were termed, of $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds or over, were selling for $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents each, and lobsters weighing less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds were selling for 50 cents per 100 pounds to the factories for canning purposes.

If those days it was not the amount of lobsters a fisherman could catch that bothered him—it was the number he could sell. The market was very limited, and there were only a few lobster fishermen along the coast, hence the lobsters were only fished in the spring while the fishermen were waiting for the mackerel and porgies to migrate to the Maine coast. As soon as the first mackerel appeared, hundreds of small boats would collect in groups and the fishermen would throw bait until the fish had collected and begun to bite; then the fun would begin.

Only the oldest fishermen have experienced the sport of catching mackerel when they were so ravenous that they would take the jig or hook as soon as it struck the water. Then it was: "Hurrah, boys, take off your coat and hat, roll up your sleeves and sail in." Two lines were used by each fisherman when the fish were biting good and before one line could be freed of its burden of one of the pretty little fish, the other line would be zipping and another mackerel waiting his doom. Then if one had any red blood flowing through his veins, when the mackerel began biting it would surely put the pep into him. If not, something must have been wrong in his make-up, for it was surely exciting, to say the least.

A more modern device was soon invented and substituted for the old

line and jig. This device was the mackerel seine, which was capable of taking hundreds of barrels at one haul. This great money-making scheme spread like a forest fire and was certainly just as destructive. Every shipyard was kept busy building vessels, and the mackerel fleet increased by leaps and bounds, until 1883 there numbered 820 mackerel-seining vessels on the coast and the majority of them carried two seines.

4,000,000,000 Fish Taken

The banners years were 1883, 1884, 1885 and 1886, and approximately 1,640,000 barrels were taken, each barrel averaging nearly 500 fish, or 3,280,000,000 fish; and these figures do not tell the whole story, for approximately one-fifth more were wasted, making a total of probably close to 4,000,000,000 fish taken annually. This method of fishing could have been pursued for years if the fishermen had practiced economy and protection instead of waste and destruction. In the spring a greater part of the fleet sailed South, and when the large schools of mother fish first appeared heavily laden with spawn, they were captured by the million, each fish carrying many thousands of eggs. This being true, can you wonder why the mackerel have disappeared? And still there is something more to tell. The few remaining fish that were lucky enough to reach the spawning beds, and thus fulfilled their mission, as far as Mother Nature was concerned, but they might as well have been taken with the rest, for the fishermen dressed those taken and dumped the refuse on the spawning beds, covering the already deposited spawn with a decaying substance, and thus destroying the fertility of the eggs, rendering billions of them worthless.

A few years of such destructive methods not only ruined the mackerel business, but every man engaged in it. Vessels were hauled up by the hundreds. Waste and destruction rendered a valuable industry worthless, sparing hardly a firm engaged in the mackerel business. Large and prosperous companies were bankrupt within a short time.

Many years have passed since mackerel have been taken in any quantity along the Maine coast with the jig and hand-line, so called, and there are still many years to come before they return unless the fishermen awaken to the idea of protection. The summer just passed seems to have proven conclusively that it is necessary to have restrictive legislation to preserve our food fish. Small mackerel appeared all along the coast. Nearly every cove and inlet has been visited by large schools of "tinker mackerel," and they have been destroyed by the ton in almost every conceivable way. If these smaller mackerel could have been protected, in the near future they would have grown to be a valuable food fish. If the parent fish were also protected when they are heavy with spawn, as they are each spring, and mackerel were not allowed to be taken until June, the waters would soon be teeming with these fish again. The inhabitants along our coast would once more enjoy the sport of jigging mackerel, and each winter would find a nice kit of mackerel in the cellar for home consumption to decorate our tables when the thermometer hovers around zero. Protection is necessary for the preservation of the fishing industry, and the sooner we realize it the more income we will receive annually for our labor.

Lobster fishing is practically the only branch of the great fishing industry that can really be relied upon for a livelihood by the small-boat fishermen, and each one should realize that it is his duty to protect the lobsters. It is necessary for every man engaged in the lobster business to practice the strictest protection. Do not indulge in waste and destruction; on the other hand, study the habits of the lobster and learn the way to increase their numbers. The commission will do all it can to improve the situation, but that will be very little unless the fishermen co-operate with it in the development of the industry. Hundreds of men have entered the lobster business, who were never in it before the period of reconstruction began. Men from the merchant marine are flocking home, as their ships are laid off, and they are going into the lobster business. When everything else fails they look to the lobster fishery to furnish a living for their families. What would become of the thousands now depending on the lobsters if they were not protected? What would the soldiers and sailors dwelling along the coast of Maine do if it were not for the lobster fishing? Isn't this great industry, which furnished the comforts of life to thousands of families in the time of need, worth protection when, if protected properly, it would furnish comfort and happiness to nearly all the coast dwellers of Maine?

Lobsters Show Increase

The year 1919 found the fishermen awakening to the fact that protection was necessary for the preservation of the lobster business, and each succeeding year has shown greater co-operation with the commission among the fishermen. A marked increase in the number of lobsters caught, as compared with previous years, is in evidence. From April to July, 1921, the catch of lobsters along the Maine coast, as compared with that of the corresponding months in 1920, was nearly doubled. Do not these figures show conclusively what protection will do? And still they were not protected as much as they should have been.

When each fisherman realizes that he personally has a duty to perform, that the future of the lobster industry depends wholly on his doing all he can to assist the commission in the enforcement of the laws and the protection of the lobsters to legal length then will there be co-operation and protection indeed. Then

and then only, brother fishermen, will you see the lobsters return to our shores in increasing numbers. When that does come to pass your income will double and prosperity and happiness will prevail.

If you have any information that will help in the enforcement of the laws, the protection and building of the industry, write the director personally giving in detail such information as you possess. After your letter has been read and the information recorded in a book kept for that purpose the original letter is destroyed and all evidence as to when or from what source the information was received is gone forever.

Expensive Fodder

In the past a great many have seemed to think it didn't do any harm to take a dozen small lobsters home for their own consumption. As stated before if we are to protect the industry we must all practice strict economy and not tolerate waste and destruction. The laws must be obeyed because it has been proven that if the laws are strictly observed lobsters will increase. When you take home a dozen lobsters, even at the price received by the fishermen today, 25 cents, your dinner will cost you \$4.50, if they were allowed to grow to the average size of a pound and a half each. How many fishermen are there who can afford the luxury wherein one article of their diet costs them \$4.50, and often when lobsters are taken home they are worth double that price, 50 cents a pound, or \$9.00 for a dinner. If the fishermen would only think seriously about this great waste for a few moments it does not seem possible that one would indulge in such an expensive luxury. Look into the future. Do not think wholly of the few dollars received from today's catch. Realize the thousands of dollars you will take from the sea in the years to come. Consider the time when you are weather beaten and aged from hard work and exposure and are able to fish only half as many traps as you are now fishing. Wouldn't it be very encouraging if lobsters had increased to the extent that you would take from the half number of traps you are fishing in your old age the same number of lobsters that you got from double this number which you were fishing in your prime? Would not this increase be exceedingly gratifying to the old gentlemen? It most assuredly would. If

we are to realize this great change we must begin to protect the lobsters today. There is no other way than through the medium of real protection practiced by all.

An Essential Industry

When you think of the fishing industry of Maine you want to realize that it is one of the largest and most essential industries in the Pine Tree State, for there is only one other which compares favorably with it, and that one is agriculture. The fishermen and farmers furnish food for the entire population of the state of Maine and contribute large quantities of foodstuff to all the states in the Union and to all the world. Vast quantities of our fish are shipped to foreign countries. How little we seem to realize what the loss would be to the inhabitants if the fish were exterminated. Approximately 12,000 would be thrown out of employment and 40,000 would be deprived of the necessities of life, beside the loss of food to the consuming public. These are the problems we are asking the people to consider today.

The fisheries mean something more than just a business whereby a fisherman can obtain a living for himself and family. This industry means food for the people of the world. The fishermen are a body of men producing the necessities of life and the food furnished by them is consumed in every state in the Union. These men live in bleak and isolated places along the coast or near the mouths of the rivers and must brave the fierce storms which sweep the Atlantic, especially in winter. When you go to the fish market to purchase your dinner little do you think who provided that dinner. It is one of these fishermen who furnishes the most wholesome and delicious food that is placed before you. They are the men also who furnish the lobster, considered by practically everyone to be the "king of all the fish family." It has been stated by a writer that "the lobster is neither fish, fowl nor good red herring but excellent eating nevertheless."

Shall we protect the lobster or shall we let him go by default and thus deprive thousands of families of a livelihood and the good people of America of a luxury which no doubt has adorned the tables at the banquets given in honor of the diplomats who have crossed the ocean

(Continued on Page 13).

A Winter's Trip to the Banks

II

Log of the Boston Flyer Mayflower in Action as Recorded by Roy W. Pigeon

THE breeze increased as the racers neared the harbor, and the Bluenose made a handsome picture coming to windward with all sails set. She is a very fast boat to windward. It will take a good boat to beat her. After rounding the inner automatic, the Bluenose rushes for the finish line amid the cheers



PITCHING THE FISH ABOARD

and whistles of all Halifax, beating the little Elsie nine minutes and 30 seconds, or practically a minute a mile to windward.

As the Elsie and Bluenose were coming out of the harbor and starting for the second mark, Harvey, one of the crew of the Mayflower, suggested that we give them a little trying out. The skipper had no objections, so the Mayflower was out on the course with the racers and we started one-quarter of a mile astern of them and the same distance to leeward. Without any apparent effort to adjust the sheets, we were off. Enthusiasm ran high among the crew, as they cried: "We are picking them up, boys!" and for a time this was true, as we certainly did gain on the two slippery racers out ahead of us. As we progressed, however, the wind lightened and the racers with their light kites, taking advantage of the puffs that came off the shore, began to slowly drop us astern until we had dropped back to relatively the same position we started from.

The racers by this time were nearing the second turn and we were obliged to come up into the wind so as not to bother either of the boats on their next leeward leg. The Halifax papers came out in large letters, stating that they had beaten the Elsie and also the Mayflower, and I agree with the papers—they did. When you consider, however, that we had 100,000 pounds of excess baggage aboard the Mayflower and about 3,600 feet less sail area, it is not to be wondered at.

Beating up the harbor, we fell in with the Delawana with a large party of Bluenose admirers aboard and with a band playing; they certainly were enjoying themselves. The Stars and Stripes had been hoisted at the peak of the Mayflower, and as we ranged abreast the Delawana the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and all hands on board joined in giving three cheers for the Mayflower, to which the crew of the Mayflower fittingly responded by giving three cheers for the Bluenose. We then had a race up the harbor with the Delawana, to windward,

of Farquhar & Co., Ltd., to dock the Mayflower at their wharf, as we wanted all in Halifax who desired to do so to come on board and inspect her. A towboat was secured, and the Mayflower, with tears in her eyes, was docked, and large numbers came on board, most of whom expressed themselves as being greatly surprised and astonished at the construction of the Mayflower, so "different from what they expected to see" and "why had she been barred from the race".

Once ashore we met many Gloucesterites, who said there would have been a different story if the Mayflower had raced. We met many reporters, as well as some of the Gloucester people, who acknowledged that they had made a mistake in barring the Mayflower. And let me say right here, that the Bluenose and Mayflower are both able fishermen, and if the term "yacht" could be applied to either one, it would be to the Bluenose.

The Bluenose was decked with polished brass, sail covers, electric



"TWO TUBS!" THE SKIPPER ORDERED, AND SOON THE CUTTING OF BAIT WAS ON

and in a short three-mile beat we left our cheerful company 10 minutes astern.

We anchored in mid-stream and with Captain Larkin rode ashore and made arrangements with Mr. Parker

lights, electric bells, rigged lighter in every way than the Mayflower, with even the rattlines removed from her rigging; in fact, every article that meant windage had been removed and she was as much a racing

(Continued on Page 13).

The Modus Vivendi

IV.

By M. H. NICKERSON.

THE text of the draft treaty ended with article 16, which ran thus: "This treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the senate, and by Her Britannic Majesty, having received the assent of the parliament of Canada and of the legislature of Newfoundland, and the ratification shall be exchanged at Washington as soon as possible. . . . In witness whereof we, the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty and have hereunto affixed our seals. . . . Done in duplicate at Washington the fifteenth day of February in the year of our Lord 1888." Then follow the signatures. On the side of the United States T. F. Bayard, William L. Putnam and James B. Angell; on the side of Great Britain and Canada, J. Chamberlain, L. S. Sackville-West and Charles Tupper.

It is noted that Newfoundland sent no delegate to the conference; neither were the views of that colony presented in any other way, so far as has ever come to light. Yet in the final stipulation, as shown in the above clause, it is assumed that the island legislature would enter into the compact, with the other principals, the same as if its interests (which were not exactly identical with those of Canada) had been watched through all the proceedings by a representative of its own choice, and from its own people. At that time Newfoundland politics did not cut much of a figure in the council of nations. In fact, Canada had barely attained her majority, so to speak. Not twenty years had passed since the Dominion had been proclaimed as a self-governing state with enlarged borders by confederating the upper and the lower provinces so-called, with ampler powers and with less control by the crown than those provinces had enjoyed while maintaining a separate political existence. It is reasonable to suppose that Newfoundland's wishes had been consulted on this occasion, and that the wording of the said clause was in conformity with a previous understanding between the two governments.

The document having been thus signed, with a degree of mutual confidence which did credit to the commissioners, and has never since been surpassed by any international conclave, it was remembered that some time would elapse before the several governments concerned could ratify this instrument by the process of legislative sanction. It was the middle of February and the New England fleet of bankers would need to get away on their spring trips by the first of the following month. Those vessels at that period were more dependent on the privilege of baiting and buying stores in Nova Scotia ports than at present, when motor power has practically shortened the distance sailed on the

longest voyages. Besides, it had been the custom under the Washington treaty, just previously expired, to ship men on that shore when occasion required; and schooners from Provincetown, Hyannis, Wellfleet, Salem, Marblehead, Southport, Bucksport and Boothbay made a regular practice every season of sailing from home short-handed and supplementing their crews at Argyle, Pubnico, Wood's Harbor, Clark's Harbor, Shelburne and Canso. But now both powers had been bickering, and the down east ports were closed to all but the humanities, as defined in the King George III convention, and that term meant that the harbors could be entered only in distress, shelter from storm, for repairs and for the purpose of buying enough water, food and fuel to last during the run home. The British plenipotes were now disposed to be considerate and friendly. They had little doubt that their labors would receive the seal of approval from the several governments; but the American fishing fleet could not lie idle waiting for the last hand to be put to the indenture. Then it was happily suggested that the emergency could be met by adding a rider, as it were, to the document they had just completed. All hands, of course, were agreeable, and the needed proviso was appended in due form, and styled the protocol, as is usual in such cases.

(To be continued)

THE MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER BILL

THE recently petitioned amendment to the Massachusetts lobster law calling for an increase in the legal length from the present size of 9 inches to 10½ inches alive and 10¼ cooked, was overwhelmingly defeated in committee.

This lobster bill is a return to the Massachusetts regulation in force till 14 years ago. The yearly business in live lobsters then did not amount to half its present value, about \$5,000,000. . . . The proportion of large to medium was greater than it is now. It was 50-50 then; today not more than one-third measure 10½ inches.

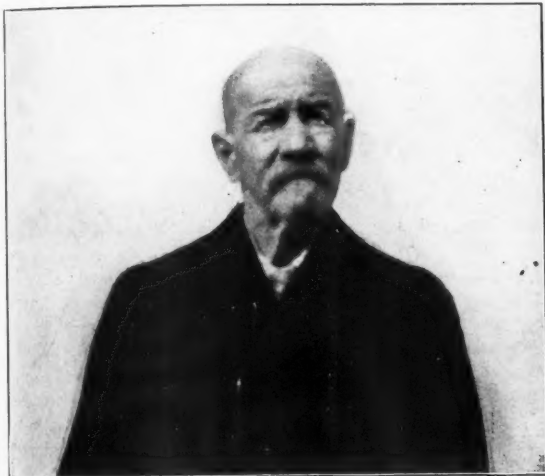
A law like that would cut down the Boston trade \$2,000,000 at one stroke. Many of the smacks would be idle for some part of the year. The Eastern Steamship Corporation would lose a large part of the lobster freight by their Boston-Yarmouth line. The proposed size limit is larger than the Maine measure, which is little over 10 inches. All the rest of the shore has practically a 9-inch measure, which would supply the growing demand for mediums, the raw material for live broils. Massachusetts would have to gnaw its nails outside the gate!

(Continued on Page 14).

Who's Who Among the Skippers

By CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

YARN SPINNER EXTRAORDINARY



Captain Charles H. Snellen

SKIPPERS there have been, skippers there are and skippers there always will be; but there never was, there isn't and there never will be another Captain Charles H. Snellen.

They say that if you make a Frenchman's hands fast he can't talk. Now Cap'n Charles uses his hands, fingers and fist, too, in conversation—that is, if he gets close enough to thump you. But so skilled is he in facial emphasis that it is our conclusion, after many years association with him, that he could still talk under conditions that would fetch the Frenchman up in the wind. The wrinkled forehead, the mobile scalp and face, the mustache and imperial—well, eloquence seems to pour from all these when the captain is well under way at talk. He is a born story teller.

"Eighty-four years young," he calls himself—this tall, raw-boned, dark-visaged, old son of the sea. And the roguish twinkle of the eyes when he reaches the humor of a yarn, together with his vivacity, and, often, vehemence of manner, make us forget his years. Surely the skipper must have quaffed at the fountain of perpetual youth.

Captain Charles first went to Grand Banks as cook with Captain Ben Rose. He was 13 at the time and the schooner was the Marblehead. The next two vessels were the *Gazelle* and the *Martha*, both commanded by Captain George Bell. Then came the *Aladin*, "Uncle" John Widger; the *Zachary Taylor*, Captain Mike Carroll, and the *Caroline*, Captain Josiah Green. Then came a winter trip in the *Aladin*, the *Caroline* again and—WAR.

How the young mariner rushed up to Charlestown Navy Yard and enlisted, the moment the *Caroline* was made fast to the wharf—not stopping to

shift his clothes—just as he stood—we shall try to tell from time to time in some sketches and anecdotes that will show the resourcefulness, the bravery of this remarkable man.

After 26 months of valuable and distinguished service, our seaman came home and was sent to Grand Banks by Colley & Goodwin as master of their schooner *Caroline*. For five years he commanded this craft, then went to Salisbury and superintended the building of the *Betsey* for the same owners. He sailed the new vessel for three years, then took the *Joseph Hooper*. But he ended his bank fishing days by commanding the good old *Betsey* again for two years. He was one of the most successful skippers of his time.

Scattered in between these vessels and trips mentioned, Captain Charles sailed small sloops at shore fishing, party boats and one yacht. Of the latter he said: "To blazes I bob it!" But that is another yarn.

For a year, now, our captain has lived in "blest retirement." For twenty odd years before he had charge of a fine shore estate. He is admired and honored by all who know him. He is undoubtedly the most interesting character in Marblehead.

PROVINCETOWN NOTES

DURING the southeast storm of January 11, which caused considerable damage along the waterfront and to fishing craft, Frank Viera and his partner in their 26-foot gasoline dory, were fishing in the part of Massachusetts Bay known as the ledge, ten miles from Provincetown. At the height of the storm the men were very fortunate in reaching a four-masted vessel at anchor three miles off shore in the lee of Wood End. They were taken aboard and made their dory fast to the stern. During the night the dory painter parted and the dory drifted seaward. A fortnight later a steamer bound from Halifax for New York picked it up some distance off the coast and carried it to New York. Viera was notified and left recently for New York to claim the dory.

The small fishing schooner *Reliance*, Capt. Tony White, recently owned in Boston, left Provincetown Sunday morning, Jan. 29, with a fair trip of fish for Boston. When she left here the weather was fine and continued so until the little vessel was off Minot's Light, when she was struck by a northwest squall and a choppy sea. After some difficulty and with the assistance of the Boston police boat *Guardian*, she reached the harbor safely.

Little or no flounder dredging has been done the past fortnight on account of the prevailing mild weather and a poor market for dabs and flounders in New York. After the present cold snap it is believed that the market will revive considerably the first of the coming week.

LOBSTER NOTES

THAT LOBSTER BILL DOWNED

THE House committee, at its meeting on the 15th inst., put the quietus on the bill for raising the size limit of lobsters in Massachusetts. Despite the snowstorm, about 100 fishermen were in attendance, coming from all sections of the shore, Cape Cod and beyond. They were a husky-looking lot and they evidently knew what they wanted. They got it, too. When it came to the vote on the question—which was put to the whole chamber—Mr. Kimball, who sponsored the bill, hadn't a corporal's guard to stand by him. The vote stood 5 for, 104 against.

A certain pound owner in Millbridge, Me., imports a large lot of lobsters from Nova Scotia during the month of May, and keeps the same in reserve, as a rule, till the spawning season comes and the eggs are extruded. Hitherto he sold those egg-bearing lobsters to the state, which had them punched and liberated as breeders. Last season out of a 40,000 stock in the pound, fully 15,000 carried ova. The usual sales to the state did not take place, for the funds were not forthcoming.

In the event of a stormy March affecting lobster catches in Nova Scotia, the market is likely to go almost bare for a little while. Indications are that spring fishing may not pan out as good as expected.

Two veteran smackmen of Maine passed away within a few days of each other—Captain Addison Ames of Vinalhaven and Captain Webb Lawry of Friendship. The former was about 50 years of age and the latter 65. Both had been in the employ of the Parnell Lobster Co. for six years and left behind them a record for good and faithful service. Captain Ames, active almost to the last, died of cancer in the stomach. Captain Lawry then took the place of buyer at Vinalhaven and dropped dead a few days afterward.

Shipments from the Digby shore are coming in very slow. For days past the weather down there has not been favorable for lobstering. But there is plenty of time.

FALL SEASON NOT A FAILURE

Editor, ATLANTIC FISHERMAN:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable magazine for a few remarks in regards to an article which was printed by "The Canadian Fisherman" in their January issue, relative to our fall lobster season granted by the Dominion Fisheries Department.

This article claims that it was a failure from the standpoint of the majority of fishermen engaged. The writer would say that it was not a failure, but very much a success as a whole. The writer thinks he should be in a fairly good position to judge whether it was success or not, as we were connected both with the canning and export of large live lobsters to the American market. You will find some fishermen that did not pay expenses. You will find exactly these conditions at any season. Some fishermen never do anything, while others do well; this always has been and always will be. I have talked with a large number of the fishermen since the season closed, a great many of whom were against having the fall season. With very few exceptions they invariably will tell you it was a success, and think it should be made permanent.

I am speaking now particularly for Yarmouth County, and think it safe to say that the fishermen from this county during the six weeks fishing, on an average cleaned up at least \$250 per man, after paying for loss of gear and necessary expenses. Some boats stocked as high as \$1,300 and \$1,400.

The article also had this to say that a large percentage of lobsters taken on the southwestern shore were not in proper condition for canning. In answer to this, we saw practically no difference in the quality of our goods, and our average number of pounds per case were about as usual. The large lobster shells were a little thin for the first two weeks of the season to carry well while in transit, and caused considerable shrinkage. After that period they became harder, and we saw practically very little difference from normal shipments.

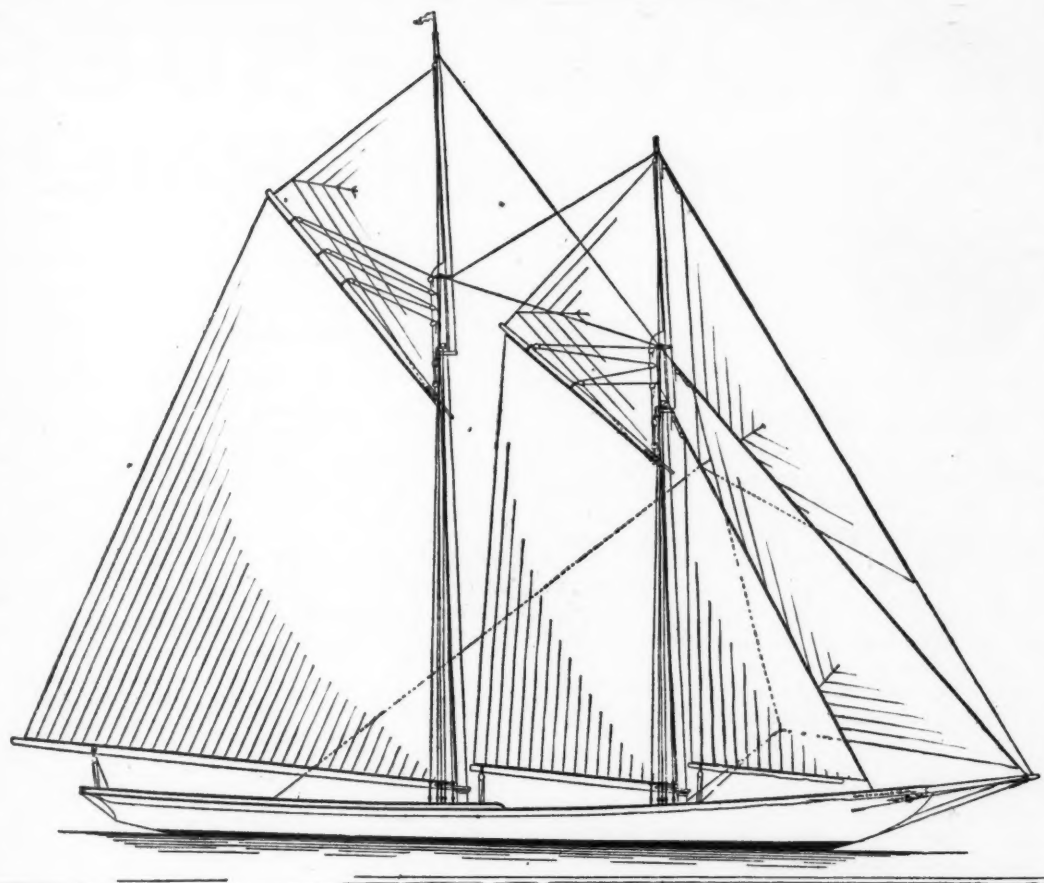
The article also refers to the whole catch, which at normal prices

would have been worth five hundred thousand dollars, and which only brought two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We consider this absurd, as the prices we received for our large fish were normal, and the canned fish averaged five dollars a case better than last season.

Figures will not lie. The Yarmouth boats carried from November 1st until the season closed seven thousand four hundred and seventy crates. Since that time there have been over one thousand crates that were caught in the season and held over. The Boston smacks carried at least fifteen hundred crates more, making a total altogether of something like ten thousand crates.

Lobsters sold from twenty-one dollars to forty dollars per crate (140 pounds). It is safe to say that they would net the shipper on an average at least thirty-two dollars (\$32) per crate, counting the overrun on crates which is anywhere from twenty pounds to seventy-five pounds per crate. This goes to show that one large lobster alone would have netted the shippers three hundred twenty thousand dollars (\$320,000). We are not quite sure of these figures, but we are told that the pack was something over six thousand cases (6000) canned. At twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) per case, which is a low estimate, they would be worth one hundred fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000), which would make a total of nearly one-half million dollars, quite a tidy sum for six weeks fishing to be distributed amongst the fishermen at a time of the season when most needed. In conclusion, we would say we believe that a fall season is important and necessary, as common sense teaches us that we can market our catch of lobsters to a great deal better advantage in four and one-half months rather than three. There are many other things that we might mention that would be of advantage by having a fall season, but we will not encroach further, as this letter is very much longer than we intended it should be. Thanking you in advance should you see fit to insert this in your magazine, we are

YARMOUTH LOBSTERMEN.
Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 31.



THEY SAY SHE'LL BE MUCH LIKE THE FAMOUS OLD ORIOLE

A McMANUS DESIGNED CONTENDER

TOM McMANUS, one of the best-known designers of fishing craft in the North Atlantic section, has turned out a brand new design for F. L. Pearce & Co., Captain Clayton Morrissey and others of Gloucester. She will be a contender in the Fishermen's Races next fall.

Construction is already under way at the Essex yards of A. D. Story & Co. She will measure well up to the limit of specifications contained in the deed of gift governing the international races. The McManus cup schooner is 138 feet over all, 109 feet waterline, 25.6 feet beam, 12.5 depth of hold and 15 feet draft. The mainmast is 88 feet, the main boom 75 feet, and the area of the canvas will be not far from 9,000 square feet. No name has as yet been selected.

Designer McManus is also designing a schooner for Captain W. F. McCoy of Daytona, Fla.

PORTLAND FISHING NOTES

By C. A. FRANCIS

February 3 severe easterly gale destroyed thousands of dollars worth of lobster gear along the coast, a number of fishermen losing practically all their gear.

Captain Fred Bickford, of schooner Pilot, reports whales very plentiful on Jefferies Bank, something unusual at this time of year, and that they are so plentiful they are a great bother to the men in their dories.

Schooners Pilot, Richard J. Nunan, Elcanor, Stranger, Lockinvar, Albert W. Black, Alice M. Doughty and Sunapee in today with very good trips, having found very good haddock on Jefferies Bank. The Hampden boat fishermen are doing very well when the weather permits.

Schooner Sunapee, Captain Ed Smith, was high line of the fleet with 20,000 pounds of fish; stock \$1,400, share \$72 per man. Fish prices \$3 to \$8 for cod, \$8 for haddock, \$3.50 to \$4 per hundredweight

for hake, cusk and pollock; lobsters 20 cents per pound.

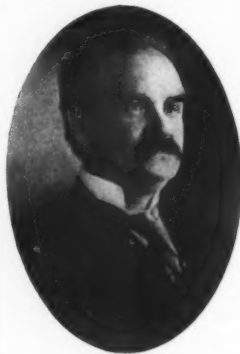
Schooner Richard Nunan returns from Gloucester with new foremast, bowsprit and jib. She also had 14,000 pounds of fish, making the trip on her return.

Steamer Nashawana, Captain McKown, has new gill nets rigged and will start fishing in about two weeks.

Schooner Albert D. Willard, Captain Turner, coming in on Wednesday, struck log or some other obstruction and damaged her rudder and wheel; also started small leak. Grounded at Widgery's Wharf to effect repairs.

Feb. 7th. Prices on fish drop to: Cod, \$2.50 to \$5; haddock, \$6; cusk, \$2.50; pollock and hake, \$3.50 per hundredweight. Lobsters are 35 cents per pound live weight from the fishermen and quite scarce. One barrel of large herring landed at Flaherty's market. This is very early for this kind of fish; they are usually caught in May and June on these shores.

(Continued on Page 19.)



LIVE ISSUES for FISHERMEN

By

M. H. Hickerson

A Lobster Tariff Unthinkable

I DO not think the proposed tariff on live lobsters will ever materialize. Most all countries hesitate to tax any kind of foodstuff in its raw state. Some say lobsters are a luxury, and ought to pay toll as such. But they are cheaper than beefsteak for the consumer, and the means of livelihood to the producer. There are many other reasons why this particular commodity should not be laid under tribute as a protective measure; but they are all so manifestly plain, that they need not be enumerated, much less insisted on just now.

I have attentively perused Director Crie's call for a crusade against the Canadian lobster, and must say in all candor that the appeal is a strong one and not without sound reasoning when he cites the lobster industry of his state as suffering by competition from imports across the bay. It is a fact that the extra open season in western Nova Scotia, by increasing the supply, has tended to cut down the prices all around and make the occupation rather precarious. So far Brother Crie and I stand on common ground. If any class of laborers are to be favored with a protective tariff, the fishermen have the best claim, for they are creators of wealth for their country, as well as providers for their families. But one fact stares us in the face. A duty on lobsters would not protect the United States fishermen, for the Canadian product has no other market, and while it would make the shipper's returns that much less, the difference in the currency exchange at present, and for some time to come, would cover a pretty stiff tariff reduction.

While Mr. Crie's presentation of the case is all right, his suggested remedy appears to be all wrong. In a friendly exchange of notes, I have

offered the following substitute for any drastic measure:

1. Let this be the last fall fishing in that section of Nova Scotia. It is not popular with the fishermen, and the government is determined on a change.

2. November, being something like your best season for lobstering, Canada should, and doubtless will, withdraw competition, by making the legal season begin December 15, the same as it was for twenty years till the recent change at the instance, not of the fishermen, but the pseudo-scientists, who had no knowledge of trade conditions of this nature, and little regard for the same. This is the first time Nova Scotia ever shipped lobsters to Boston in the fall, and it is safe to say it will never occur again.

On a basis something like the foregoing, with slight modifications here and there, if deemed necessary, a complete agreement, I should judge, is highly possible.

UNCANNY TEN AND A HALF

THE lobster bill which failed to pass muster in committee the other day marks the sixth attempt to raise the legal size, and all with the same result. First, a Canadian order-in-council prohibited the export of lobsters less than 10½ inches in length, while permitting mediums to be canned in the factories. The whole seaside protested, and the law was soon revoked. Then secret wires were pulled with the same intent, and the "vested interests" presented petitions which did not get past the first stage. Next the Canadian shellfish commission (1912) recommended that the old order be restored—the large exported and the mediums tinned. The commissioners were all cannerymen, with one exception. The fishermen again exercised the veto. The same year, a bill pro-

viding for the old rejected standard was before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature and killed without quarter. Then in January, 1918, a bill prohibiting the bringing of mediums into the United States (an unjust interference with state rights) sought to pass the portals of Congress, but was likewise killed in committee. The last abortive endeavor is still fresh in the minds of all. For the vested interests, 10½ is evidently the unlucky number.

The appointment of Dr. G. W. Field as United States commissioner, in place of Dr. Hugh M. Smith, resigned, is a choice that will give general satisfaction. Dr. Field was formerly state commissioner of fish and game in Massachusetts, and in that capacity he rendered good service both to science and the industry by learned research and diligent application to studies in marine life. When the Clark's Harbor (N. S.) dogfish reduction works were established in 1907, he and two members of his staff visited the plant, a new thing of its kind, taking snapshots of the building and machinery.

Dr. A. P. Knight, a naturalist engaged by the Canadian government to lay down the laws of lobster-life, recommends such stringent rules for the cannerymen that they think him slightly off his base. He wants them to sterilize crates, bags, boxes, and so forth, before a live lobster is put therein. What next?

During the supremacy of the food control boards in both countries some fishy transactions took place. A carload of fresh mackerel was shipped from the United States to Toronto, where it sold for twelve cents a pound. Shortly afterwards it was discovered some, if not all, of that shipment was sold across the border for twenty-five cents a pound!

A WINTER'S TRIP

(Continued from Page 7).

fisherman as it was possible to make her. Mr. Roue, the designer, is certainly to be congratulated on his first fisherman.

It was rumored that the Mayflower was coming up the harbor, so the Halifax people were greatly interested. However, they were greatly disappointed, as many remarked when they saw the Mayflower coming in with topmast down that "that old hooker never was the Mayflower," that her stern looked like a "wood-boat," so that our appearance was rather a shock to the people gathered on the docks.

On Monday night a banquet was tendered by the Gloucester Committee, to which Captain Larkin and myself were invited, and judging from the speeches made that night the international race next year will surpass all past races, as both sides are equally sure of winning.

Tuesday was visiting day aboard the Mayflower, as a strong northeast gale of wind was blowing outside and Captain Larkin had decided to remain in port. All day long we received visitors and answered questions, and those who came aboard went away convinced that the Mayflower was a bona fide fisherman. Captain Conrad of the Canadia paid us a visit and agreed with us that fishermen racing had many hardships.

Wednesday morning conditions did not permit us to go to sea as the wind was still blowing northeast and storm warnings were set. Thursday, October 27th, conditions changed; a warm sun was shining and the crew was chafing to get to sea. As soon as the custom house was open and the clearance papers stamped, the towboat came alongside and pulled us into the stream, where we hoisted our four lower sails and were off for the fish grounds.

The wind was so light that we hardly had steerage way. The schooner Good Luck from Gloucester, Captain Moreash, was waiting down the stream under power and slipped us a friendly line and towed us at least six miles to sea, when we picked up a light west, southwest breeze. Soon we were running up on

the towline and were obliged to cast off.

The skipper thanked Captain Moreash for his tow and we sailed off and left the Goodluck behind in short order. This seemed rather a tough thing to do, but we had no other alternative, and at 3 P. M. the Goodluck was eight miles astern. At 4.30 we were not able to find her with the glasses.

At 8.45 we took soundings and found we were in 38 fathoms and the log read 66 knots, so we had arrived at Emerald Banks. A 14-pound sounding lead is used, well soaked at the bottom to indicate the nature of the ground. Many a superstition hangs on the lead and line. Some skippers want to be the first to see the lead when hauled over the side, and should any member of the crew look at it before passing it to the skipper, a change of grounds is ordered at once. Fortunately Captain Larkin did not feel that way, so we all took a peek as it came over the side to see what the bottom looked like. The wheel was lashed and we jogged across Emerald Banks all night. Trawls were overhauled, bait knives sharpened up, flare torches made ready, filled with oil and new wicks, and dory sails, anchors and lines were all made ready for the first set on the morrow. All hands, then, save the watch, turned in for a good night's rest.

Friday morning about 4 o'clock a loud shout from the skipper, "Bait up!" brought everyone up with a start. I don't know whether or not the skipper sat up to shout this, but he was on the job, and soon there was great activity on deck. Twenty men with oilskins and rubber boots, with 20 flare torches lit, were busily engaged in hoisting frozen squid out of the hold and distributing them in bushel baskets along the top of the cabin where the bait boards were installed for cutting bait.

"Two tubs!" the skipper ordered, and soon the cutting of bait was on, full swing. Rather a weird sight! One could imagine by the bright light of the torches that you were overlooking a stall at some beach resort where vendors were selling not dogs. The slash of 20 knives sounded like a cooper shop in full swing as the crew cut bait. The bait fell into a box in small pieces, ready for the hook. The trawls were turned over

on top of the cabin beside the bait and the crew began to bait the hooks. Past masters at this art, the bait fairly flew on the hooks. The race was on, a baiting contest, perhaps unknown to the crew, but as you watched they appeared to be baiting faster and faster, each to outdo his neighbor.

Jerry, a big, good-natured, powerful fellow, wins the contest by half a tub. There are about 560 hooks to a tub of trawls. Beyond the flare of the torches it is inky blackness, large waves with white caps disturb the busy scene on deck and you wonder if it will be possible to launch dories and fish. The skipper voiced some doubt when he ordered two tubs baited instead of three—the usual set on a good day. A mile to port we discovered the flare torches of the schooner Goodluck, and on the starboard we saw the lights of another schooner, which proved to be the Herbert Parker, busily engaged in baiting up for a set.

The trawls are baited and the crew go below for breakfast, after which they turn in again for a few minutes, as it is still dark.

At the first sign of light, the skipper orders the dories to get ready for a double bank set. The weather looks threatening, the wind is blowing fresh and the glass does not look very encouraging. A double bank set is quicker and safer under these conditions, and so the lowering of dories, one from each side, was commenced with considerable care, for it is rather difficult work lowering dories in a heavy wind and full sea, because they could easily be smashed to pieces if not handled properly.

(To be continued)

MACKEREL AND LOBSTERS

(Continued from Page 6).

to attend the disarmament conference?

While this body of learned men is in conference trying to devise ways and means to protect life, property, waste and destruction for future generations let us, the great and glorious body of Maine fishermen unite to protect the fisheries and thus increase a valuable and wholesome food for future generations.

RACE NOTES

THE Schooner Mayflower Associates, Inc., have already formally entered their schooner for the elimination races in the fall. A letter has been mailed W. H. Dennis of Halifax, N. S., donor of the trophy, inquiring if, in his opinion, the Mayflower would be eligible to challenge should she win the elimination races. Mr. Dennis has opposed the Mayflower as contender on the ground that she does not comply with requirements of the deed of gift that specifies a vessel must be a bona fide fisherman. The association invites the attention of Mr. Dennis to the fact that from Dec. 13, 1921, to Feb. 14, this year, the Mayflower has left to the credit of the schooner \$3,900 and the last two trips netted her \$1,610.

H. R. Silver of Halifax, N. S., chairman of the Canadian trustees of the trophy, has been asked if he will agree to a change in the rules so that a schooner may bend new sails just prior to the trial races instead of being obliged to race with canvas that has been used a season.

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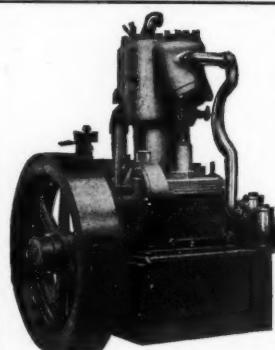
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A GRIM JOKE

The Hearst deputies now studying the Canadian sales tax system had better leave out of the schedule that clause which levies a toll of two per cent. on the material for the building of fishing boats. The incoming ministry had better abolish it. The fisherman gets \$6 bounty and pays \$8 sales tax. What a grim joke!

THE MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER BILL

(Continued from Page 8)

The yearly imports from Canada amount to \$3,000,000, two-thirds of which are under 10½ inches. The local catch runs about the same for size. Boston Bay fishermen could no longer make a livelihood at the occupation, and would have to land their traps. Nova Scotia shippers would fare somewhat better. They could ship their mediums to New York, as they did before Massachusetts adopted the 9-inch law. Fulton Market would then become the great emporium instead of the Pier, the Avenue and Meridian Street Bridge. Only two years ago both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature registered a strong protest against the 10½-inch bill then creeping into Congress.

But this ill wind would blow lots of good to certain canners, for instance, the Frank E. Davis Co., operating several factories on the Digby shore. In that small section a 9-inch law obtains and the open season is about half the year. The lobsters run large in that locality. Packing would begin in January and continue till June, while the rest of the coast from Yarmouth to Halifax could not open shop till the first of March.

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HOW MARBLEHEAD FOLKS DO IT

SKINNER'S HEAD, known by the people of Marblehead as "Death Head," has claimed many a good craft from the sea. This jagged, rocky promontory juts out from the easterly corner of the Hotel Rockmere property. On it is a tiny summer pavilion, back of which is the tennis court. So much for description. Many a reader who has visited historic Marblehead will recognize the place.

On the evening of Jan. 11th the fine 22-foot power boat of Augustus Roundy parted her moorings and was driven before the northeast gale onto the dreaded rocks. Next day when the wreck, which had slid back and sunk, was dragged along bottom to a dock and beached, it was found that nothing but the 6-horsepower Lathrop engine remained uninjured. The hull was gone beyond repair.

As fisherman Roundy is very deserving, industrious person, trying to pay for a house recently bought, it was not long before citizens, in characteristic Marblehead manner, started something. Captain Stacey H. Clark headed a list that has raised nearly enough money. A new boat will be built in which "Gus" Roundy can fish.

POLICE BOAT RESCUES FISHERMEN

IN the face of the 70-mile gale that swept Boston harbor January 22, with its crew and equipment lashed to the deck, the Boston police boat Guardian, in command of Lieut. Frederick J. Swendeman, rescued the fishing schooner Reliance and her crew of 10 men from a perilous position off Boston Light.

The schooner, hailing from Provincetown and commanded by Captain Terry Almeda, had lost much of its canvas and, with its auxiliary engine entirely unable to battle with the seas and wind, was being blown to sea when its distress signals were seen by Lieut. Swendeman.

The Guardian proceeded down the harbor, but when off Governor's

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New Orleans.....	18.5	9	18.5	9	19.5	10
Cleveland.....	21	12	21	12	21	13
Detroit.....	18.9	9.7	18.9	9.7	18.9	9.7
Chicago.....	19	8.5	19	8.5	20	8.5
San Francisco....	23	14.5	23	14.5	23	14.5
Boston.....	27	14	27	14	27	14

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island the waves began to break over the pilot house and at times all that was visible of the craft was its smokestack. Finally reaching Boston Light, the police boat attempted to maneuver and get a towline aboard the schooner.

In turning the Guardian was tossed into the trough of the waves, which broke over the entire length of the rails.

The police boat finally managed to get a line aboard the schooner, but

before an inch of headway had been gained this parted and an hour's more effort was necessary before another line was made fast. After progressing 200 yards, however, this towline broke.

With its rails under water and thrown on its beam ends by the high seas, the police boat did not give up, but for a third time got a line aboard the schooner. This held and a long battle followed until the two vessels finally reached the fish pier.

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What's Wrong With The Gloucester Schooner

By L. FRANCIS HERRESHOFF.

WHAT a shame it is that in the years gone by so little paint was used on the frames and inside the planking of Gloucester schooners, as they were being built! A few years ago, I saw one of them that was being replanked, and the frames were so rotten that new ones had to be put in to hold the planking fastenings. What a sin it was, that so few fastenings were used in their construction! How pitiful that so little galvanizing was done on their iron work!

Now they are rotten in the bilge and are the nightmares of the insurance companies, who know that if they touch bottom but once, their whole keel will fall out, as most of them are only held together with Portland cement. No wonder the average age of the fishing schooner is only seven years! No wonder there are so many widows in Gloucester and no wonder it is hard to get people to put their money into such death traps!

Did you ever stop to think what the results would have been, if one or two thousand more dollars had been spent in paint, fastenings and the careful designing of all the details of these schooners? Do you realize that it would be possible to nearly double the life of these schooners by scientific construction?

Do you realize that they could all have been made much better sea boats, considerably faster and so perfectly balanced, that there would have been no need of an auxiliary motor, if a trained naval architect had been hired to make their complete design. As it is most of the proud fishing fleet of Gloucester have been built by the rule of the thumb from a few simple lines of some second-class designer, who only has been paid about enough to put a week's work into them. Do you realize that most of the fishing schooners are so poorly balanced and clumsy that they can't be steered or swung off the wind without their auxiliary motors going?

Even in the case of auxiliaries, which, of course, have some advantages, there could have been a saving in cost of fuel of several times the architect's commission. If the models were carefully developed, the propeller rudder struts, etc., properly designed, they would have gone faster and possibly the machinery would have taken up much less room.

It certainly is a pity that so little pride is taken in the Gloucester schooners of today by their crews. It wasn't so many years ago that some of the schooners were kept up

almost like yachts and had all American crews. Those were the days when the many famous poems and songs were written about Gloucester vessels. But alas! what inducement is there now, for a young American to go to sea in the cranes there now? So here is hoping that there are some fine vessels built in the next few years, for there are still many able captains in Gloucester, who are natural navigators, and should be masters of vessels worthy of them.

(We publish the above article just as received. We are glad to offer space in our subsequent issues in reply to the above attack, providing the communications are signed.—Ed.)

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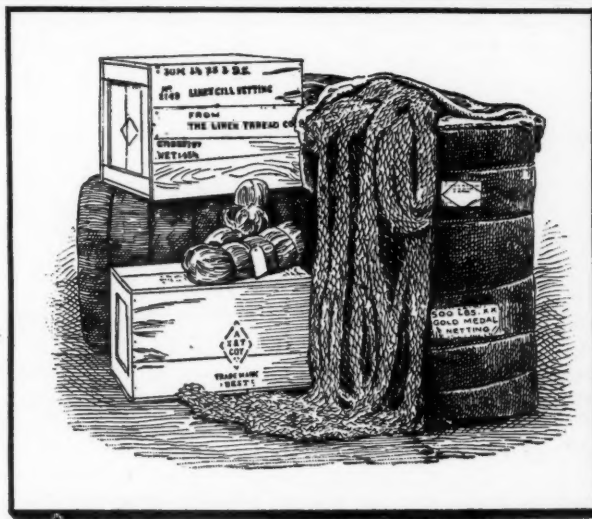
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Another Otter Trawler Installs Oil Engine

ONLY recently an account was given in these columns of the conversion of the auxiliary schooner "Viking" of New Bedford from gasoline to crude oil. Her engine has accomplished so remarkable fuel saving results that we are not surprised to hear of more of these installations being made or contemplated.

One of those promptly taking this to heart is Captain Cornelius Zegel of Nantucket, Mass., who now is fitting out his auxiliary otter trawler sloop the "Virginia" with a similar engine to that of the "Viking," namely a 40-50 B.H.P. two-cylinder direct reversible Bolinder engine, taking the place of a 36 H.P. three-cylinder gasoline engine.

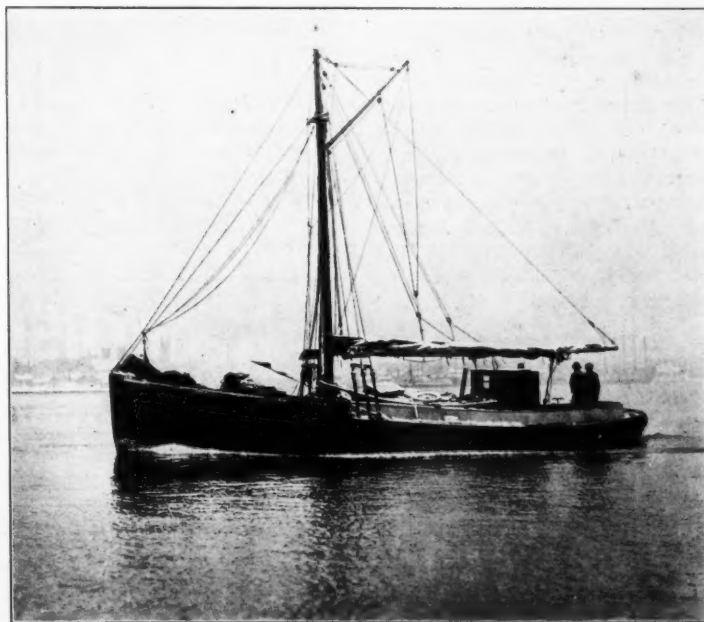
While the "Virginia", which measures 28 gross and 8 net tons, is registered to have a length of 47 feet, a breadth of 16.4 feet and a depth of 6 feet, her over-all length is 52 feet with a beam of 17 feet and a draft of 5½ feet. In smooth going she is said to have attained a speed of some 7 miles per hour. Her new engine is expected to give her a speed of at least 9 miles per hour with a Columbian Bronze propeller,

36 inches in diameter and a pitch of 30 inches.

The "Virginia" having been built at Friendship, Me., in 1914, until

recently hailed from Patchogue, L. I., New York, Captain Zegel originally making his home at West Sayville,

D. N. Kelley's marine railway at Fairhaven, Mass., is accommodating the "Virginia" during the conversion.



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DEATH TAKES CAPTAIN SOLOMON JACOBS

CAPTAIN SOLOMON JACOBS, one of the most widely-known master mariners of Gloucester, passed away suddenly Feb. 7 at his home on Prospect street, at the age of 74 years.

He was born at Twillingate, Newfoundland, and in early youth showed a tendency to follow the sea. At 17 he shipped as one of the crew on a trip to England, and at 18 came to New York, returning in the Western Hemisphere, the biggest ship in the country at that time.

In 1872 he first engaged in the fishing business, shipping as a hand out of Gloucester to the Georges, this being the beginning of a most phenomenal career as a fisherman.

After making two trips at ground fishing he switched off into mackerel seining with Captain Benjamin Wonsen, and got his first lesson in handling a seine and catching mackerel.

The next year he went master of the schooner Sabine to Georges for codfish. He filled the old Sabine from keel to bulwarks until she would hold no more. His success led quickly to his being placed in charge of a first-class vessel and the change was signalized by his landing a fare from Georges of 124,000 pounds of fish in the schooner S. R. Lane, which beat the record from those grounds and is the record to this day.

The trip, by the way, was made in the remarkably quick time of 13 days. He followed this up with quick fares of 105,000 pounds and 107,000 pounds.

He soon abandoned the cod fishery for the mackerel seining industry, and proved just as successful in catching this game fish. After leaving the Lane he went in schooner Moses Adams and his average stock each year was \$14,000.

His next vessel, and the first he

owned, was schooner Sarah M. Jacobs, which he commanded in 1878. His stock this year was \$19,900.

In 1882, with schooner Edward E. Webster, he stocked \$39,700. Other record-breaking years followed in succession, the figures being \$36,013, \$29,000, \$29,000 and \$29,500.

In 1888, Captain Jacobs determined to blaze out new paths in the fishing industry. Accordingly he dispatched his two staunch vessels, the Mollie Adams and Edward E. Webster, for the Pacific coast, where they were put into the halibut and sealing business. Although large quantities of halibut were caught, Captain Jacobs met the usual fate of pioneers in a new country. Owing to poor freight accommodations and the high cost of ice for preserving the fish in transit the business was a failure. The upshot of his halibut and sealing ventures in the Pacific

was that the captain lost his fortune of \$60,000. Today hundreds of thousands of pounds of Pacific halibut are shipped to all parts of the East as the result of this \$60,000 experiment.

Captain Jacobs then retraced his steps eastward, came to Gloucester and in 1891 began again where he had first commenced—at the foot of the ladder.

His old-time luck had not forsaken him, and in 1898 his stock in the mackerel fishery was \$31,300.

Captain Jacobs was the first to introduce the gasoline auxiliary into fishing schooners in schooner Helen Miller Gould.

Captain Jacobs was known as the most daring and intrepid mariner of the Gloucester fishing fleet. His loss is a tremendous one to the fishing business.—Rewritten from Gloucester Times.

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PORTLAND FISHING NOTES

(Continued from Page 11).

They were caught at Monhegan Island.

Feb. 20. The only specimen of Arctic wolf fish ever seen in these waters was caught off Cape Elizabeth lightship by Captain John Kennedy, a local fisherman. It is 3½ feet long and heavily scaled, and differs greatly from the type of wolf fish, or

white fish, so-called, which is found in this vicinity. It is not often found south of Cape Sable, N. S. It has been added to the collection of the Portland Museum of Natural History.

Schooner Republic arrived with 35,000 pounds of halibut from St. Peter's Bank, the first trip of halibut for some time. Captain Dunskey will realize a good stock from this trip.

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OLD-TIMER SPINS A YARN

Editor, Atlantic Fisherman:

Dear Sirs—I am sending you a tale of a remarkable day of cod fishing in the late eighties. At that time there were about 90 sail of catboats fishing out of Chatham, and I have never known of any one boat catching so many in one day.

My name is Joseph D. Bloomer. I was born in '55 in Georgetown, P. E. I., moved to Chatham in '66, and am still here, occupied in fishing. Now for the story.

Monomoy Point lies about eight miles southwest of Chatham—a little round shoal three and one-half miles southeast from Monomoy—which is familiar ground for cod fishing. I was owner and commander of the

catboat *Monarch*, and started one fine afternoon with my partner, Walter B. Mallows. When we arrived on the grounds the wind died out flat calm, so we had to row a short distance. That was before we had motors. We anchored, and looking at the bottom, five and a half to six fathoms below the surface and as smooth as a mirror that day, all that I could see was stones and kelp—not a fish in sight. Mallows lowered his line to bottom at his side of the boat. I, looking over the other side, could see his bait plainly. After a while I saw one cod come from southeast, or off shore, and, oh boy, what fishing! You landmen would have been wild men. For an old-timer, I never have seen anything like it before or since. We caught 875, when we gave it up, and they were just as plentiful as ever. We opened the cabin doors and let them run to bow, water coming in the tiller hole. It being calm we had to row home.

I have cut some of the details, but I think you can get a fair idea of the occasion. If this will be of any use to you, you are welcome to it. I am still on deck to answer all questions, so you can use my name, as I meet all men on the level and act on the square. I have other reminiscences in the fishing line.

If I come to Boston I may call.

Yours respectfully,

J. D. BLOOMER,
Chatham, Mass.

Ernst Shipbuilding Co. recently launched from its yard at Mahone Bay the Grand Banks fishing schooner *Patara*—145 feet overall, 27 feet 3 inches beam, depth of hold 11 feet, and 99 tons net. Judging by remarks of those well qualified to know, the *Patara* is one of the finest designed vessels built in this or any other place in Nova Scotia. Captain Servius Wentzell, one of the successful Grand Bankers, will command the vessel.

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**SCHOONER MARY E. HAGAN**

Editor, ATLANTIC FISHERMAN:

Dear Sir—I am enclosing a snapshot of the picture that hangs in my home representing the schooner Mary



E. Hagan on LaHave Banks in the gale of Aug. 29, 1883.

This picture I sketched from memory and shows her at 4 P. M. just after we put her to a drag and just after the topsail clewline had parted and the slat of the topsail had broken off the topmast as shown in the picture.

**Marine
Railways****Peirce & Kilburn**NEW BEDFORD
MASS.

I drafted the schooner on a regular scale plan by measurements and sent the scale plan with the sketch to a marine artist in Boston, who painted the picture, which looks very much like her. Yours very truly,

JOHN A. BEAL.

Beals, Me.

At the first annual meeting of the Sandford Fish Trap Co., Ltd., Sandford, Yarmouth, the following officers were elected; President, Albert M. Shaw; vice-president, Alex. Shaw; secretary-treasurer, Howard Thurston; directors, the foregoing officers, together with John Burns and William Smith. President Shaw later left for Little Brook to purchase trap poles, which will be rafted to Sandford in tow of the tug Mary H. Cann. The trap will be put on the site known as the Iron Mine.

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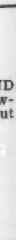
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